

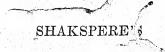
The Lake English Classics

EDITED BY

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The Lake English Classics



MACBETH.

WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY

BY

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AND AN INTRODUCTION

BZ

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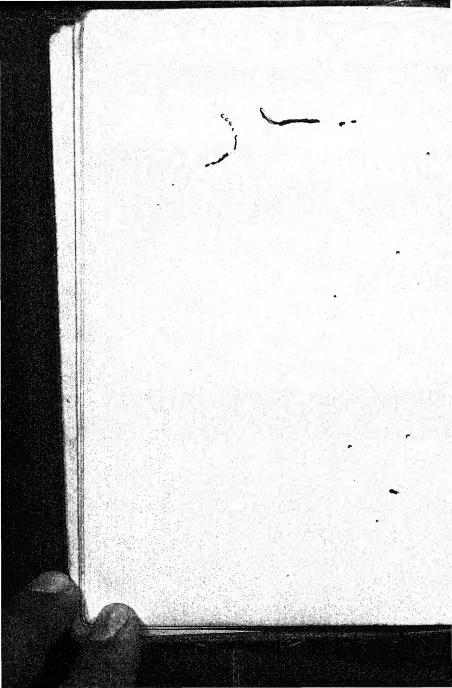
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PREFACE.

The manner of preparation of this book needs a word of explanation. Dr. John Hemy Boynton, of Syracuse University, was to have been the sole editor, but in May, 1898, he died very suddenly. The text, the notes and the glossary he left practically in the form in which they now are; of the introduction nothing appeared except a table of contents. Yet it is hoped that even from this incomplete product his promise as a scholar may be recognized. His work has been revised, and the introduction added by one of his friends and fellow-students—Dr. W. A. Neilson, of Bryn Mawr. To Dr. Neilson's generous activity the friends of Dr. Boynton owe grateful recognition.

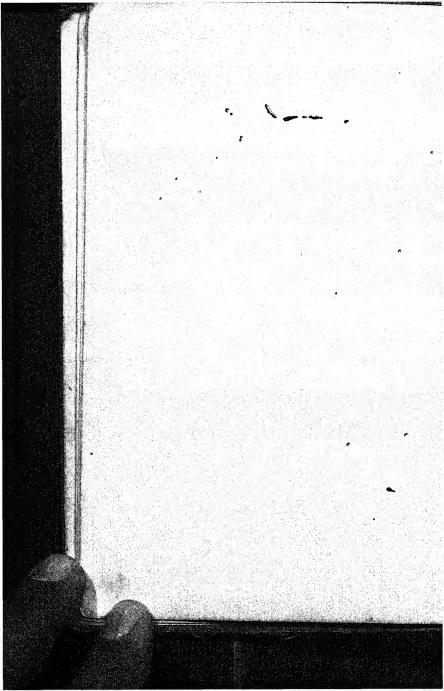
LINDSAY TODD DAMON.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. SHAKSPERE AND THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.

When Shakspere went to London, the English Drama was still in that stage of active and various experiment which followed the long monotony of Miracle Play and Morality, and preceded the magnificent accomplishment of the last decade of the sixteenth century. In 1576 two play-houses, "The Theatre" and "The Curtain," erected in the fields just outside the city limits of London, had for the first time given to dramatic performances a fixed abode; and from that date the advance made, when compared with the extremely gradual development of the religious and didactic productions that for centuries before had stood for drama, was prodigious in its rapidity.

Many factors combined to make this advance possible. Dramatic models were being supplied from Italy and the Classics. Not only were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the originals and in such translations and adaptations as are found in

Paynter's Palace of Pleasure (pub. 1566-67), the dramatists drew materials for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of thought in all departments of scholarship and speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

From a combination of these two main elements—the suggestions and material for the development of the native drama which flowed in from abroad, and this abounding vitality in society at large,—arose the dramatic activity which has left its record in the works of Shakspere and his contemporaries.

Of this activity Shakspere had probably seen little before he came to the metropolis. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26th,

1564 (May 6th, according to our reckoning). exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspere, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's Maxims, Æsop's Fables, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the mediæval poet Mantuanus. continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plantus, and the Satirists. Greek was not taught in the Grammar School. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the Classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy with remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's boyhood the fortunes of John Slfakspere kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his father began to meet with reverses, and these are

conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage, several traditions have come down—of his having been apprenticed to a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. In 1587 he was still in Stratford, though it was probably in that year that he went up to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theatres we again are unable to say, but by 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who, in a pamphlet post-humously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness to Shakspere's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and as a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in

London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspere worked during this early period. A member of both universities. Greene came to the metropolis while vet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with frequent bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist, -in fact, a literary jack-cf-alltrades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of "'University Wits" like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. "A world of blackguardism dashed with genius," it has been called, and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspere began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in *Titus Andronicas* and the first part of *Henry VI*. we have examples of this kind of work. The next step was the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and this practice, though almost abandoned in the middle of his career, he returned to in his later years in such plays as *Henry VIII*. and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

How far Shakspere was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theatre, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town; the youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become "William Shakspere, Gentleman."

During these years Shakspere's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. 1593 he published Venus and Adonis, and in 1594 Lucrece, two poems belonging to a class of highlywrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's Hero and Leander is the other most famous example. For several years, too, chiefly in the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship; and these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has From them we seem to be able to catch left. glimpses of his attitude towards his profession. and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here:—

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface in this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspere did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations surrounding the theatre of that time, that he never deliberately shut his eyes to the eternal distinctions of right and wrong.

For the theatre of Shakspere's day was no very reputable affair. Externally, it appears to us to-day a very meagre apparatus—almost absurdly so, when we reflect on the grandeur of the compositions for which it gave occasion. A roughly vircular wooden building, with a roof over the stage and over the galleries, but with the pit often

open to the wind and weather, having very little scenery and practically no attempt at the achievement of stage-illusion-such was the scene of the production of some of the greatest imaginative works the world has ever seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Puritan tendencies frowned on it to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits, and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, "drinking" tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women's parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet cracked. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine-Despite their dubious respectability, the Elizabethan play-goers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the

lyrics of the time, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practiced taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the closet student were keenly relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

This audience Shakspere knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always, with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines: one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinterpretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth. The first of these is exemplified in his early devotion to chronicle-histories, and to light comedies deriving their chief interest from amusing incident and sparkling dialogue; in his later devotion in the beginning of the new century to serious comedy and tragedy; and in his final adoption of the type of romantie drama which had been made fashionable by his younger contemporaries, Beaumont and Fletcher. The second line is to be traced in the enthusiasm which permeates his historical plays,

in the light-hearted enjoyment of life which shows itself in the early comedies, in the sombre strength and profound sense of the difficulty and struggle of life that is so impressive in the tragedies, and in the milder mood of the serious comedy with which his record closes. Parallel with these there is, of course, abundant evidence of increasing technical mastery in diction and versification, in the construction of plots, and in the drawing of character.

Throughout nearly the whole of these years of progress, Shakspere seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his chief place of abode, and at the same time he was writing less and less. After 1611 he produced no complete play; and having spent about five years in peaceful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23rd, 1616. His only son Hamnet having died in boyhood, of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.

II. DATE OF MACBETH.

The tragedy of *Macbeth* was first published in the Folio of 1623, the first collected edition of Shakspere's works; and this, along with the later folios derived from it, is the source of the text.

In 1610, Dr. Simon Forman, a famous quack-doctor and astrologer, records in his Booke of Plaies and Notes Thereof that on the 20th of April of that year he was present at a performance of Macbeth in the Globe theatre, and he gives an outline of the plot. A limit of date in the other direction is fixed by certain references which indicate that it was written after the Union of the Crowns of England and Scotland in 1603. Such are the lines in IV. i. 120:

And some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry;

the reference in IV. iii. 140-159 to the practice of touching for the king's evil, which had been revived by James I.; and two passages in the Porter's Speech (II. iii), one, on an equivocator, which has been interpreted as an allusion to Henry Garnet, Superior of the Jesuit Order in England, who, in his trial for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot in 1606, is recorded to have avowed the doctrine of equivocation; the other, the mention of the "farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty, " which perhaps had reference to the great harvest of 1606. Other evidences point in the same direction, especially the results obtained from an examination of the versification; so that, if we place the first production about 1606, it is probable that we shall not be far astray. This fixes its production at a time some years after Shakspere

had reached the summit of his profession, and leads us to group it with the later tragedies, Othello and Lear coming immediately before, and Anthony and Cleopatra and Coriolanus probably following soon after.

III. SOURCES.

The materials for his plot Shakspere drew from Holinshed's histories of Scotland and England (pub. 1577). Holinshed followed the *Scotorum Historia* of Hector Boece, Principal of King's College, Aberdeen (pub. 1526), and Boece in turn followed the *Scotichronicon* of John of Fordun (ab. 1360).

In spite of this array of ancient authorities, the student will be much mistaken who regards the play as in any real sense a historical drama. Not only does Shakspere manipulate Holinshed's story to suit his artistic purposes, but Holinshed's own account contains much more fable than history.

First let us consider Shakspere's treatment of Holinshed.

The details of the murder of Duncan are transferred by the dramatist from the chronicler's account of the death of King Duffe, who was slain by Donwald in A. D. 972, seventy-four years before the murder of Duncan. According to Holinshed, Duffe, after he came to the throne in 968, took such vigorous action in putting down

certain robberies and abuses that he roused the

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hatred of some of his nobles, who hired certain witches to practice by magic against the king's life. Their designs, however, were discovered before their charms proved fatal; and the king, recovering from the languishing condition into which they had thrown him, was able to take the field and crush a revolt which had sprung up during his illness. Donwald, one of the loyal nobles, was of kin to certain young gentlemen of the rebels; and, having been refused his request for their pardon, he conceived a hatred to the king, and he and his wife found means to murder Duffe while he was their guest at Forres.

Donwald thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir aduise in the execution of so heinous an act. Whervoon deuising with himselfe for a while, which way hee might best accomplish his curssed intent, at length he gat opportunitie, and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanced that the king vpon the daie before he purposed to depart foorth of the castell, was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the last, comming foorth, he called such afore him as had faithfullie serued him in pursute and apprehension of the rebels, and giving them heartie thanks, he bestowed sundrie honorable gifts among them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had beene euer accounted a most faithfull seruant to the king.

At length, having talked with them a long time, he got him into his privile chamber, onelie with two of his chamberlains, who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banketting with

Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of drinks for their reare supper or collation, wherat they sate up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, sooner than have awaked them out of their droonken sleepe.

Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in his heart, yet through instigation of his wife, hee called foure of his seruants vnto him (whom he had made prinie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts) and now declaring vnto them, after what sort they should worke the feat, they gladlie obeied his instructions, and speedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber (in which the king laie) a little before cocks crow, where they secretlie cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without anie buskling at all . . . (Hist. of Scotland, ed. 1587, pp. 149-151.)

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They then carried him out by a postern gate and buried him in the bed of a river which they had temporarily turned aside for the purpose. Meantime Donwald passed the night in the company of the watch, and when in the morning the alarm was raised, he rushed to the room, slew the chamberlains, and ran about the castle like a madman, pretending to search for the body, but rousing suspicion by his excess of zeal.

Monstrous sights also that were seene within the Scotish kingdome that yeere [972] were these, horsses

in Louthian, being of singular beautie and swiftnesse, did eate their owne flesh, and would in no wise taste anie other meate. . . . There was a sparhawke also strangled by an owle. (P. 152.)

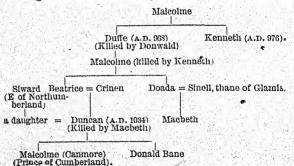
• Between the Duffe and the Macbeth incidents in Holinshed, Dr. Furness has noted another passage which he very plausibly suggests as a source of some details in Shakspere's version of Duncan's murder. Summarizing the chronicle, he says:

It seems that Kenneth, the brother and one of the successors of Duffe, was a virtuous and able prince. and would have left an unstained name had not the ambition to have his son succeed him tempted him to poison secretly his nephew Malcolme, the son of Duffe and the heir apparent to the throne. Kenneth then obtained from a council at Scone the ratification of his son as his successor. "Thus might he seeme happie to all men," continues Holinshed, "but yet to himselfe he seemed most vnhappie as he that could not but still live in continuall feare, least his wicked practise concerning the death of Malcome Duffe should come to light and knowledge of the world. For so commeth it to passe, that such as are pricked in conscience for anie secret offense committed, haue euer an vnquiet mind." [What follows suggested, I think, to Shakespeare the "voice," at II. ii. 35, that cried "sleep no more."] "And (as the fame goeth) it chanced that a voice was heard as he was in bed in the night time to take his rest, vttering vnto him these or the like woords in effect: Thinke not Kenneth that the wicked slaughter of Malcolme Duffe by thee contriued, is kept secret from the knowledge of the eternall God,' etc. . . . The

king with this voice being striken into great dread and terror, passed that night without anie sleepe comming in his eies." 1 (Var., p. 359.)

When we come to Holinshed's story of Duncan, we find him beginning the account of this king's reign with a contrast between the gentleness and softness of Duncan and the valor and cruelty of Macbeth. Lafter some years of peace, Banquo, thane of Lochaber and ancestor of the royal house of Stuart, in gathering the king's taxes and punishing offenders, raised so much hostility that on one occasion he was set upon, robbed, and wounded, barely escaping with his life. The king on receiving his complaint sent a sergeant-at-arms to bring the offenders, but they only insulted and slew the messenger. Then, knowing that the

¹The relations of the various persons in the narrative may be made clearer by the following table, constructed on data drawn from Holinshed, and therefore not pretending to historical accuracy:



king's vengeance was certain, they prepared for resistance under the leadership of Makdowald, supported by men from the Western Isles and "no small number of Kernes and Galloglasses....out of Ireland." In the first battle the rebels were victorious; but afterwards Macbeth and Banquo marched against them, and put down the revolt with great severity.

No sooner was this over than news came of an invasion under Sueno, king of Norway; and Duncan at once set out to meet him. The Scots were defeated, but later by stratagem drugged the food and drink of the Danes and overcame them. Afterwards, when Canute sent an army to avenge his brother's defeat, Macbeth and Banquo overthrew it, and peace was established between the two

peoples.

Shortly after happened a straunge and vncouth wonder, whiche afterwarde was the cause of muche trouble in the realme of Scotlande as ye shall after heare. It fortuned as Makbeth & Banquho iourneyed towarde Fores, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way togither without other companie, saue only themselues, passing through the woodes and fieldes, when sodenly in the middes of a launde, there met them hij women in straunge & ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde, whom when they attentiuely behelde, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake & sayde: All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis (for he had lately entred into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Synel.) The hij of them said: Hayle Makbeth Thane of

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Cawder: but the third sayde: All Hayle Makbeth that hereafter shall be king of Scotland.

Then Banquho, what maner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so litle fauorable vnto me, where as to my fellow here, besides highe offices, yee assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all? (Yes, sayth the firste of them, wee promise greater benefites vnto thee, than vnto him, for he shall revgne in deede, but with an vnluckie ende: neyther shall he leave any issue behinde him to succeede in his place, where contrarily thou in deede shalt not reygne at all, but of thee those shall be borne whiche shall gouerne the Scottishe kingdome by long order of continual discent. Herewith the foresayde women vanished immediatly out of theyr sight. This was reputed at the first but some vayne fantasticall illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, in so muche that Banquho woulde call Makbeth in ieste kyng of Scotland, and Makbeth againe would call him in sporte likewise, the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were eyther the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) ye Goddesses of destinie, or els some Nimphes or Feiries, endewed with knowledge of prophesie by their Nicromanticall science. bicause enery thing came to passe as they had spoken.

For shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed, his landes, livings and offices were given of the

kings liberalitie vnto Makbeth.

The same night after, at supper Banquho iested with him and sayde, Now Makbeth thou haste obtayned those things which the twoo former sisters prophesied, there remayneth onely for thee to purchase that which the third savd should come to passe.

Wherevoon Makbeth revoluing the thing in his minde, began even then to deuise howe he mighte

attayne to the kingdome: but yet hee thought with himselfe that he must tary a time, whiche shoulde aduaunce him thereto (by the diuine prouidence) as it had come to passe in his former preferment.

But shortely after it chaunced that king Duncane lauing two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Sywarde earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them cleped Malcolme prince of Cumberlande, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediatly after his decease.

Makbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he sawe by this meanes his hope sore hindered, (where, by the olde lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that shoulde succeede were not of able age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was nexte of bloud vnto him, shoulde be admitted) he beganne to take counsell howe he might vsurpe the kingdome by force, having a juste quarrell so to do (as he tooke the mater,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraude him of all maner of title and clayme, whiche hee mighte in tyme to come, pretende vnto the crowne.

The woordes of the three weird sisters also, (of whome before ye haue heard) greatly encouraged him herevnto, but specially his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious brenning in vnquenchable desire to beare the name of a Queene.

At length therefore communicating his purposed intent with his trustie frendes, amongst whom Banquho was the chiefest, vpon confidence of theyr promised ayde, he slewe the king at Enuernes, (or as some say at Botgosuane,) in the .vj. yeare of his reygne.

Then having a companie about him of such as he had made privie to his enterpryce, he caused himselfe to be proclaymed king, and foorthwith went vnto Scone, where by common consent, he received the

inuesture of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner.

Malcolme Cammore and Donald Bane the sonnes of king Duncane, for feare of theyr liues (whiche they might well know y_t Makbeth would seeke to bring to end for his more sure confirmacion in the astate) fled into Cumberland, where Malcolme remained til time that S. Edward y_e sonne of king Etheldred recouered the dominion of England from the Danish power, the whiche Edward receuyed Malcolme by way of moste-freendly entertaynment, but Donald passed ouer into Ireland, where he was tenderly cherished by the king of that lande.

Makbeth after the departure thus of Duncanes sonnes vsed great liberalitie towardes the nobles of the realme, thereby to winne their fauor, & when he saw that no man went about to trouble him, he set his whole intention to maintayne justice, and to punishe all enormities and abuses, whiche had chaunced through the feeble and slouthfull administration of Duncane. (Hist. of Scotland, ed. 1577, p. 246.)

After ten years of this just government, uneasiness of conscience and the fear of the succession of Banquo's issue so took hold of Maebeth that he plotted to have Banquo and his son Fleance murdered as they were returning from a banquot at the palace. Banquo was slain, but Fleance fled to Wales. The course of bloodshed thus begun Macbeth followed so ruthlessly that all his nobles stood in fear of their lives, and many of them were put to death on the slightest suspicion. The panic seized Macbeth as strongly as it did the nobility, and for safety he built a strong castle on

the top of Dunsinane Hill near Perth. The thanes of each shire were forced to help by turns in this work, but when it came to the turn of Macduff, the thane of Fife, to build a part, he, being afraid of risking his life, sent abundance of workmen and material, but himself stayed away. This roused the tyrant's suspicion and anger; and Holinshed continues:

Neither could he afterwards abide to looke vpon the sayde Makduffe, eyther for that he thought his puissance ouer great, either els for that he had learned of certain wysardes, in whose wordes he put great confidence, (for that the prophecie had happened so right, whiche the three Fayries or weird sisters had declared vnto him) how that he ought to take heede of Makduffe, who in tymes to come should seeke to destroy him.

And surely here vpon had he put Makduffe to death, but that a certaine witch whom he had in great trust, had told that he should neuer be slain with man borne of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the Castell of Dunsinnane.

By this prophecie Makbeth put all feare out of his heart, supposing hee might doe what hee would, without any feare to be punished for the same, for by the one prophesie he believed it was vnpossible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other vnpossible to sleahim.

This vaine hope caused him to doe manye outragious things, to the grieuous oppression of his subjects.

At length Makduffe to auoyde perill of lyfe, purposed with himselfe to passe into Englande, to procure Malcolme Cammore to clayme the crowne of Scotlande. But this was not so secretly deuised by Makduffe, but that Makbeth had knowledge given him thereof, for

kings (as is sayde,) haue sharpe sight like vnto Linx, and long ears like vnto Midas. For Makbeth had in euery noblemans house, one slie fellow or other in fee with him, to reueale all that was sayd or done within the same, by which slight he oppressed the moste parte of the Nobles of hys Realme. (P. 248.)

Here follow the accounts of the slaughter of Macduff's wife and children, his escape to England, and conference with Malcolm. (The long dialogue which occurs in IV. iii. follows very closely the Holinshed narrative, but the passage in which Ross announces to Macduff the death of his wife and little ones is Shakspere's invention. In what follows of the rise of the movement against Macbeth, the securing of the English auxiliaries, the stratagem of the forest boughs, Macbeth's faith to the last in the witches' prophecy, and his final encounter with Macduff, the agreement between play and chronicle is complete in all the main outlines. The account of the death of young Siward is taken from another part of Holinshed (Historia of England, VIII. v. 192).

v.ox

For literary purposes, the historical accuracy of Holinshed's chronicle is of little importance; but it may be of interest to know that the rebellion of Makdowald and the invasion of Sueno are unhistorical, that Banquo and Fleance are fictitious characters, that Macbeth's death by the hand of Macduff did not occur for two years after the battle in which Siward took part, that Duncan was still

a young man when he was murdered, and that history gives no clue to the fate of Lady Macbeth.

IV. INTERPOLATIONS.

Although there is no doubt about the Shaksperean authorship of Macbeth as a whole, the play in its present form contains a number of passages which many critics have been inclined to regard as interpolated by other hands. in the folio editions of Shakspere there occur in Macbeth two stage directions which indicate the presence of songs in the performance. These are in III. v. 34, "Music and a song within: "Come away, come away,' etc.," and in IV. i. 43, "Music and a song: 'Black Spirits,' etc." the edition of the play as revised by Davenant after the Restoration, these songs were given in full, and it was supposed that Davenant himself had supplied the words. But in 1778, Steevens, the Shakspere critic, found a MS. play, The Witch, by Thomas Middleton, a younger contemporary of Shakspere's, which contained not only the songs, but also a number of minor resemblances in phrase to passages in Macbeth. elated by his own discovery, concluded that Shakspere had borrowed from Middleton, but in this he has not been generally followed.

The question has been further complicated by the supposed detection of whole scenes and fragments of scenes which do not seem to be like the work of Shakspere. The Clarendon Press editors have gone as far as any in this direction, and they

reject the following passages:-

(1) I. ii. The bleeding Sergeant scene. This they reject because the metre is slovenly, the phraseology bombastic and unlike Shakspere's bombast, the mention of the thane of Cawdor as an open rebel inconsistent with I. iii. 72, 73, 112; and the sending of a severely wounded soldier with news of victory too absurd for Shakspere.

To this it has been replied that the slovenliness of the metre is largely due to the corrupt state of the text; that Shakspere is frequently as bombastic as this; that, though the inconsistency about Cawdor is real, it is paralleled elsewhere in Shakspere, and even in this play (Cf. III. vi. 29 ff. and IV. i. 141 ff.); and, finally, a point noted by Daniel, that the wounded soldier is not sent, but is merely a straggler.

(2) I. iii. 1-37. The style here does not impress them as Shakspere's. Other critics have received

an opposite impression.

(3) II. iii. The Porter's speech is considered "low." Others, again, have found it one of the most dramatically effective scenes in the play.

√(4) III. v. and IV. i. 39-47. The speeches put
in the mouth of Hecate and those bits of dialogue
immediately connected with them they reject; and
in this case the majority of critics agree. These
speeches stand apart from the rest of the play

in several important respects; they are unnecessary to the plot or to the development of any character; they differ in tone and in metre from the rest, being the only iambic octosyllabic verses occurring throughout, and they bear a strong resemblance to one another and to Middleton's writing. From this should be excepted IV. i. 44-47, which the Clarendon Press editors reject, and to it should be added IV. i. 125-132, which is not put into the mouth of Hecate, but which otherwise belongs to the class of her speeches.

(5) IV. iii. 140-159. If the whole play was not written for representation before King James, it is quite likely that this passage on the touching for the evil was interpolated for a special performance.

(6) V. ii, the Clarendon Press editors have doubts about, but, as Professor Manly points out, some narrative scene such as this is necessary to lead up to what follows.

(7) V. v. 47-50, are rejected because they are weak and the scene is better without them. But

this is hardly sufficient proof.

(8). "The last forty lines of the play show evident traces of another hand than Shakespeare's. The double stage direction, "Exeunt fighting'—"Enter fighting, and Macbeth slaine," proves that some alteration had been made in the conclusion of the piece. Shakespeare, who has inspired his audience with pity for Lady Macbeth, and made them feel that her guilt has been almost absolved by the

terrible retribution which followed, would not have disturbed this feeling by calling her a 'fiend-like queen'; nor would he have drawn away the veil which with his fine tact he had dropt over her fate, by telling us that she had taken off her life 'by self and violent hands.' ' [Clar.] This argument has been felt to have much force.

Summing up then, we find that on a conservative estimate we have to account for the apparently non-Shaksperean origin of (1) the scenes in which Hecate's speeches occur; (2) the passage on the king's evil; and (3) the last forty lines. second may be left out of account as being called forth by special circumstances. For the rest, the theory of Mr. Fleay has gained much support, that the witch scenes in the original version of Macbeth having been successful, and Middleton's own play unsuccessful, that dramatist was engaged to enlarge the witch scenes, which he did by adding songs taken from his own play, and speeches containing reminiscences of it. At the same time he may have modified details here and there, and written a new ending for the fifth act.

V. THE WITCHES.

Much time and some learning have been expended on the attempt to decide such questions as whether the witches were the Norns of the Scandinavian mythology, or the Fates of the Classical. It is not to be expected that such investigations should have definite results, because it is extremely unlikely that Shakspere had any scientific theory at all about the witches. In Holinshed he found them described as "three women in straunge and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde"; and again Holinshed says, "But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were eyther the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say), the goddesses of destinie, or els some Nimphes or Feiries, endewed with knowledge of prophesie by their Nieromanticall science, bicause euerie thing came to passe as they had spoken." These hints Shakspere took up and developed, partly with a view to stage effect, partly for a profounder purpose.

For when we consider the moral aspect of the tragedy, we see that the witches have a double function. In the first place they are external embodiments of inward temptations. The necessity of making every appeal through the eye and ear which the dramatic form lays upon a writer, often compels him to give a concrete form to forces which in a narrative would be indicated as purely subjective; and here the ambitious elements latent in Macbeth's temperament are given an objective form.

But this is not all. The Weird Sisters represent also the element of evil in the outside universe; they are incarnations of the opportunities and impulses to sin that will always come to the man whose eye is

not single, and whose conscience does not steadfastly reject the unlawful suggestions of his imagination. This becomes clear when we consider the contrast between Macbeth and Banquo in the presence of the sisters. How they affected Macbeth the whole play tells. But Banquo is a man of another sort; he has no guilty consciousness of having glanced upward in secret at another's throne; and, though not uninterested when he hears the prophecy about his royal descendants, it takes no hold on him and, because, unlike Macbeth, he cares more for loyalty than for glory, it in no way modifies his action. If the witches were purely the embodiment of inward temptation, it would not be appropriate to have both Banquo and Macbeth see them: they would rather appear like Banquo's ghost at the feast, visible only to the guilty eye: but since they represent the spirit of evil abroad in the world, they appear to both men, but only affect the one whose heart is already prepared.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

So much has of recent years been written advising the teacher as to how many times and how rapidly a play should be read by the class, that an editor may surely now be excused from discussing these points. Every teacher will decide such questions according to his own judgment and the time at his disposal. The same may be said about the extent to which explanations of linguistic difficulties should occupy his students.

The attempt in the present edition has been to give all the matter-of-fact explanation that seemed absolutely necessary for the understanding of the actual text, to indicate directions in which research might be pushed further, and to leave the teacher as free as possible to expend his energies on the interpretation of the artistic and ethical aspects of the tragedy.

Some matters touched on in the foregoing Introduction may need to be discussed afresh in class; such matters are the signification of the Weird Sisters, and the extent of the non-Shaksperean element. The development of the motive of ambition-throughout the play; the nemesis, both internal and external, as it is exhibited in the return action; the analysis of motives in the character of Lady Macbeth—how far she was

selfishly ambitious, how far she was wrapped up in her husband; the comparison of Macbeth and his wife in point of courage and nerve before and after the murder, and of the workings of remorse in either; these and the score of similar problems suggested by the play are left to the teacher to discuss in class or to assign as subjects for themes.

It may be pointed out that in Macbeth the teacher has an exceptionally good opportunity for discussing the main elements of dramatic con-The play is not only built up with consummate skill, but it is distinguished by having no underplot to complicate matters, so that the pupil can be shown how every scene and every character is used in the development of a single central idea. In discussions of this kind with a class, it will be found a good plan to begin by making on the blackboard a short outline of the play according to acts and scenes-a phrase or two summing up each scene—the whole so condensed as to be capable of being written on a single large sheet of paper, and so all kept under the pupil's eye at once. With this plan of the whole action before him, the pupil may be led to see how the introductory situation is made plain in the first two scenes; how the "exciting force" is introduced in the third; how the action rises steadily from I. iv, to the murder of Banquo in III. iii; how the climax is reached and the turning point indicated in the panquet scene where Macbeth and his wife are at last seen in the coveted glory of royalty, but where, too, the "blood-boltered Banquo" appears to torture the guilty imagination of the new king; how the "tragic force" that begins the long return action is introduced in Lennox's suspicion in III. vi; how for a moment in V. vii, we are kept in suspense while the prophecy that has never yet failed protects Macbeth from any "man of woman born"; and, finally, how, this last hope dashed to the ground, the catastrophe descends, and the tyrant, miserable and degraded but yet physically brave, goes to his doom.

With such a subject the one "suggestion to teachers" which avails, the necessity for enthusiasm, seems for once to be needless.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A word may be added on the books which the teacher, and in some cases the class, will find it well to consult.

The one essential volume is, of course, that on *Macbeth* in Furness's Variorum Edition. The marrow of all the criticism, textual and interpretative, published before 1873, is to be found there, besides much useful material for the forming of first-hand opinions on the main disputed questions regarding the play. Of the smaller editions of the play, those of Professor Manly and Messrs. Clark and Wright (Clarendon Press) will be found especially valuable. In the preparation of this volume both have been consulted freely.

For Shakspere's life and works the pupils themselves ought to have Dr. Dowden's indispensable little Shakspere in the series of Literature Primers. The teacher may refer to the standard authorities: Qutlines of the Life of Shakespeare, by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, which contains all the documents; Life and Work of Shakespeare, by F. G. Fleay; William Shakespeare, by Karl Elze; William Shakspere, by Barrett Wendell, (a most stimulating and original reatment); Shakspere, His Mind and Art, by

Edward Dowden; William Shakespeare, by George Brandes; Shakspere and His Predecessors, by F. S. Boas, a discussion which deserves a much wider reputation than it has yet received; and the Life of William Shakespeare, by Sidney Lee, which is the most recent contribution to the subject.

For purely linguistic purposes, E. A. Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar is convenient, though rather for parallels than for authoritative treatment. See also A. Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, and J. Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare.

Help in treating questions of dramatic technique may be had from A. Hennequin's Art of Playwriting, which is written throughout with reference to the conditions of presentation on the modern stage; and from Gustav Freytag's suggestive Technik des Dramas, which exists also in an English translation.

The most comprehensive statement of the results of the study of the Elizabethan Drama as a whole will be the new three-volume edition of A. W. Ward's History of English Dramatic Literature. In addition to this see J. A. Symonds's Shakspere's Predecessors, which is, however, by no means infallible in matters of fact; F. G. Fleay's History of the London Stage and Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama; and the Transactions and Publications of the New Shakspere Society.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH



Character DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, king of Scotland. MALCOLM, his sons. DONALBAIN, 7 MACBETH, generals of the king's army. BANQUO, MACDUFF, LENNOX, Ross. noblemen of Scotland. MENTEITH, ANGUS. CAITHNESS, J FLEANCE, son to Banquo. SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

ZLADY MACBETH.

7LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches P34 4 following Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: Scotland; England

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH'.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done, when the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch.

Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

10 Third Witch. Anon.

I ministrati

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.

¹ The text of the present edition is taken by permission from the Globe.

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SCENE II.

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together

And choke their art. The merciless Mac
donwald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's foo weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that
name—

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel

20

30

Which smoked with bloody execution, Like valour's minion carved out his passage •Till he faced the slave:

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
so they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds.

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell.

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:

They smack of honour both. Go get him Exit Sergeant, attended. surgeous.

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

The worthy thane of Ross. Mal. Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

God save the king! Ross.

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

From Fife, great king; Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky And fan our people cold.) Norway himself,

With terrible numbers.

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof, tokke

Confronted him with self-comparisons. Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst' arm.

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude, The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his men Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch, Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present *death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Ross.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister? Sec. Witch. (Killing swine.)

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—
'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind. First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other.

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me. c First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[Drim within.

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about: Thrice to thine and thrice to mine And thrice again, to make up nine. Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mach. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the
earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.

Mach. Speak, if you can: what are you? First Witch. All hail, Macheth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

50 Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great pre-

diction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow and which will

not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I

charge you. Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Mach. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stav'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner?

Mach. Your children shall be kings.

You shall be king. Ban. Mach. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so? Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross: The king hath happily received, Macbeth, The news of thy success; and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend Which should be thine or his: silenced with that. In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,

100

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as hail Came post with post, and every one did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,

He bade me, from him, call thee thane of

Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane! For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both

He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and proved, Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!

120

The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus] Thanks for your pains.

[To Ban.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me Promised no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

120 [Aside] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of
Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function 140 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is But what is not?

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [Aside] (If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,) common without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside] (Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.)

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was

wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, 150 your pains

Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mach. Till then, enough. Come friends.

[Exeunt.

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SCENE IV.

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege.

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die: who did report That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, Implored your highness' pardon and set forth A deep repentance: nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it; he died As one that had been studied in his death To throw away the dearest thing he owed. As 'twere a careless trifle.

There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.

He was a gentleman on whom I built

An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me: thou art so far before That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less
deserved.

That the proportion both of thanks and payment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,

That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30 No less to have done so, let me infold thee And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

servants,

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter

óθ

The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must

Not unaccompanied invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers. From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful The hearing of my wife with your approach; So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that
is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires: The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be, Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Exit.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

Darry

SCENE V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, 10 with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of (what greatness is promised thee.) Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature:

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be a
great;

Art not without ambition, but without

The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,

• That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,

That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear; And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,

. Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;

He brings great news.

[Exit Messenger. 40

The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me from the crown to the toe topfull

Of direct cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace
between

The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering 50 ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the instant.

Mach. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming

Must be provided for: and you shall put This night's great business into my dispatch; Which shall to all our nights and days to come Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

70

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear 3 /

Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.

10

SCENE VI.

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This eastle hath a pleasant seat; the air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed

The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.),

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done
double

Were poor and single business to contend Against those honours deep and broad wherewith

Your majesty loads our house: for those of old, And the late dignities heap'd up to them,

We rest your hermits.

20

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor? We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor: but he rides well;

And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,

We are your guest to-night.

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,

Still to return your own.) I

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

SCENE VII.

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases

We still have judgement here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor: this even-handed a justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust; First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, 90

Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every exercise.

That tears shall drown the wind I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

30 Macd. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest

gloss, Shive

Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valour As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:

(I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.)

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you so

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their

would.

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

Mach.

79

If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw, your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Ot his own chamber and used their very daggers,

That they have done 't?

Lady M.

Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [Excunt,

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers, Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

10 Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

/He hath been in unusual preasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices. This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess; and shut

In measureless content.

Mach. Being unprepared, Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wrought,

Ban. All's well. dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20

o you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them: Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Mach. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, It shall make honour for you. Ban.

So I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchised and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while! · Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance. Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. Exit Servant. Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going.
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates 'Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder. Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, 60
he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [A bell rings.

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exi

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shrick'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them, Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed 'Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Mach. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb.

10

When?

Lady M.

Now.

Mach.

As I descended!

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

20 Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands. Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macs. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady M

There are two lodged togethe

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,' When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Mach. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—)

Lady M. What do you mean? Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

Learny

Macb.

You do unbend your noble strength, to think, So brainsickly of things. Go get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go carry them, and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.]
I hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.]
Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 70 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

Mech. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [Knocking within.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, to

that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking Knock, knock, knock! within. there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cook:

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. (I know this is a joyful trouble to you; -

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth

50

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror! Tongue nor heart Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. Len.

What's the matter?

Macd: Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

(Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!)

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak; L. See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[Bell rings.

Enfer Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,

And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd. Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;

90 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found

Upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life

Was to be trusted with them.

Mach. O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Mucb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

(The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason.) Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in 4

nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-

derers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Junmannerly breech'd with gore: who could
refrain, •

That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

100

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our tongues,

(That most may claim this argument for ours?)

Don. [Aside to Mal.] What should be spoken here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us? 110 Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow [Upon the foot of motion.]

Ban. Look to the lady:

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake
us:

(In the great hand of God I stand; and thence Against the undivulged pretence I fight 12 Of treasonous malice.)

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Mach. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer: where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in \angle blood,

The nearer bloody.

130

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Execunt.

SCENE IV.

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange but this
sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act.

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday

A falcon) towering in her pride of place,

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange

and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their ν race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,

That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff. How goes the world, sir. now?

Macd. Why a

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Dônalbain, the king's two sons, Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that wilt favin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Mucd. He is already named, and gone to Scone To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! Ross. Farewell, father.

40 Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those —
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes!

[Exeunt.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

Forres. The palace.
Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promised, and, I fear, Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said

It should not stand in thy <u>posterity</u>,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from
them—

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well, And set me up in hope? But hush! no more...16

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king, Lady Macbeth, as queen, Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Mach. Ride you this afternoon?

20 Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Much. We should have else desired your good advice,

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow. Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

so Mach. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd

• In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you nature at night Cook Flores with

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your rorses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do examend you to their backs.
Farewell.

[Exit Banguo.

Let every men be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be
wich you!

Erreunt all but Macbeth and an attendant. Sirra'i, a word with you: attend those men Our pleasure?

Attend They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

M. Sch. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.]

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares:

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsær. He chid the
sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me, And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, 20

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I
murder'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's
there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been Our innocent self: this I made good to you In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave 90
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege. Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

120

130

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mach. Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
(Phat every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life) and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my
sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain friends that are both his and mine, Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall Who I myself struck down; and thence it is, That I to your assistance do make love, Masking the business from the common eye For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves; Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,

And something from the palace; álways thought

That I require a clearness: and with him—To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart: I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord. Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[Exeunt Murderers.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

SCENE II.

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit. Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content:

10

20

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on? (Things without all remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. (We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself) whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer?

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
(After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;)
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne. Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 40 His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

50

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou appland the deed. Come, seeling night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day; And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

crow

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse; Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt.

Scene III. why short

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. (He needs not our mistrust,) since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace To gain the timely inn; and near approaches The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho! Sec. Mur. Then the hor

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually, So all men do, from hence to the palace gate Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

'Tis he.

Third Mur. First Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo. Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was't not the way?

20 Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled. Sec. Mur. We have lost

*Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: (at first)

And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state) but in <u>best</u> time We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends:

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst: Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure The table round. [Approaching the door]
There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. Tis better thee without than he within Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it, Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. [Aside] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect.

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, As broad and general as the casing air:

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head; The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30 No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer. Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making, 'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

40 Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your

highness

To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords

What, my good lord? Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well. Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat:

The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well: if much you note him. You shall offend him and extend his passion: Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear: This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done.

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

> Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak a too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes. Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Mach. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame! Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden

(Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal)

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all:

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full. I drink to the general joy o' the whole table, And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss: Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble: or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost vanishes.]

Why, so: being gone, I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

b. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

110

Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights, 120

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him: At once, good night: Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;

Augurs and understood relations have

By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Mach. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd.) I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er: Strange things I have in head that will to

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd. IN Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep. Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and selfabuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' the morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny: Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms and every thing beside. I am for the air; this night I 'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end: Great business must be wrought ere noon Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vaporous drop profound; I 'll catch it ere it come to ground: And that distill'd by magic sleights Shall raise such artificial sprites As by the strength of their illusion Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear: (And you all know security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song within: 'Come away,' &c.

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

80

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit. First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit you thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The
gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father? damned fact? How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink and thralls of
sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too; For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive

80

To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they
should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,

(From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,)
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That, the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward
That by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
knives,

Do faithful homage and receive free honours: All which we pine for now: and this report Hath so exasperate the king that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff? 40 Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'

The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time

That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined. Third Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time. First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

10 All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm-of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

20 All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, Witches' mummy, maw and gulf.

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood, Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c. [Hecate retires.

Sec. Witch. (By the pricking of my thumbs!)
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks, Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

50 Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down:

Though castles topple on their warders' heads; Though palaces and pyramids do slope Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken; answer me

To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch.

60

Demand.

Third Witch.

We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,

Or from our masters?

Mach: Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,-

He knows thy thought: First Witch.

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware

Macduff: Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,-

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Mach. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to

The power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth. Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee? But yet I'll make assurance double sure, And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live; That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king, And wears upon his baby-brow the round And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't. 50 Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are: Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature pay his breath To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[.Hautboys.

First Witch. Show! Sec. Witch. Show!

100

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more: And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass Which shows me many more; and some I see 120 That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his. [Apparitions vanish.] What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;

That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar! Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;

And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word

• Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
(The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand) And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool:

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none: His flight was madness: when our actions do

Our fears do make us traitors.

not.

Ross. You know not Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place

10

20

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren, The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear and nothing is the love; As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,

He 'is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,

But float upon a wild and violent sea Each way and move. I take my leave of you: Shall not be long but I'll be here again:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before. My pretty consin, Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:

I take my leave at once.

[Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies? Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any 40 market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must harry them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Som. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you

nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

· To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is 'too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

1

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Mur. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you! [Dies.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'

Execut murderers, following her.

SCENE III.

England. Before the King's palace. Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword (and like good men

Bestride our downfall'n birthdom; each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. (What I believe I'll wail, What know believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.)

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

10

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon:

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my

doubts

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, But mine own safeties. You may be rightly so

just,

Whatever I shall think.)

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs:

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's
grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer

Of goodly thousands: but, for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country Shall have more vices than it had before, More suffer and more sundry ways than ever, By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

50 Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black
Macbeth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compared With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom,
none,

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up

The cistern of my lust, and my desire All continent impediments would o'erbear That did oppose my will: better Macbeth Than such an one to reign. Macd.

d. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,

And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot

That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice of Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root. Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been. The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear; Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will, Of your mere own: (all these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.)

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,

100

110

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:

I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she lived.) Fare thee well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast, Thy hope ends here!

Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win me

Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false 180
speaking

Was this upon myself: what I am truly, Is thine and my poor country's to command: Whither indeed, before thy here-approach, Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men;

Already at a point, was setting forth.

Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. (Such welcome and unwelcome things at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.)

Enter a Doctor.

140 Mal. Well, more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.Macd. What's the disease he means?Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king; Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy, And sundry blessings hang about his throne, That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd.

See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes

The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

remove

Ross. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where

nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; Where sighs and groans and shricks that rend the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's

lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,)
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?
Ross. (That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:)

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

180 Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

**Ross. Would I could answer

* This comfort with the like! But I have

words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe; though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 2 Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner, Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer, To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it 210 break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted: Let's make us medicines of our great revenge, To cure this deadly grief. Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?

• What, all my pretty chickens and their dam At one fell swoop?

220 Mal. (Dispute it like a man:)

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

230 Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes

• And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the powers move Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:

The night is long that never finds the day.

[Execunt.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her. Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent: Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very

guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. (Yet here's a spot.)

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One:
two: why, then 'tis time to do't. — Hell is
murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and
afeard? What need we fear who knows it, 40
when none can call our power to account?—
Yet who would have thought the old man to
have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: (you mar all with this starting.)

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,-

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Ludy M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

70 Doct. Even so?

60

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed!

[Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their
secrets:

More needs she the divine than the physician, so God, God forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night: My mind she has mated and amazed my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor. [Execunt.

SCENE II.

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff: Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming.

Cuith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,

And many unrough youths that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant? Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:

Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang.

Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal)
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the

weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:

'Fear not, Macheth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with 16

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand-

fear.

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. (Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy) What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant. Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this push
Will cheer me ever, or dissent me now.)
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
(Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.)

Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

so Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet-Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Mach. Cure her of that.

(Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?)

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly
from me.

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, 50 cast

The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again.— Pull't off, I sav.—

What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug, Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

60

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand. That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing. Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host and make discovery Err in report of us.)/

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up:

Were they not forced with those that should be ours.

(We might have met them dareful, beard to bear,)

And beat them backward home.

[A cry of women within. What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit. Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night-shriel; and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors:

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter?

There would have been a time for such a word.

•To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time, (And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death.) Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.)

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: (if thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much)
I(pull in resolution) and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane: and now a wood Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!

If this which he avouches does appear,

50

10

There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,

*And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

*Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.

(Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.)

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.
What's he

That was not born of woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my 10 sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to

scorn,

20

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

(I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou
shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight:
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. (We have met with foes That strike beside us.)

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Excunt. Alarums.

SCENE VIII.

Another part of the field. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes

Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:

But get thee back; (my soul is too much charged

With blood of thine already.

Macd.

My voice is in my sword (thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!) [They fight.

Macb.

Thou losest labour:

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair the charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's
womb
Untimely ripp'd.

30

Mach. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

. And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

· That palter with us in a double sense;

• That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
(Painted upon a pole) and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, And thou opposed, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff, And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!' [Execunt, fighting. - Alarums.

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. (Some must go off: and yet, by these I see, So great a day as this is cheaply bought.)

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his provess
confirm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. (He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.)

Siw. He's worth no more:

(They say he parted well, and paid his score.)

And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl, That speak my salutation in their minds;

. Whose voices I desire aloud with mine?

Hail, King of Scotland!

Alt.

70

Hail, King of Scotland!

[Flourish.

60 Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour named. (What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time, As calling home our exiled friends abroad That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen, Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands

Took off her life this, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, We will perform in measure, time and place: So, thanks to all at once and to each one, Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt."

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

T.-Temple Shakspere.

Clar.-Clarendon Press Edition.

M.—J. M. Manly's Edition in Longmans' English Classics.
A.—Arden Shakspere.

Var.-Furness's Variorum Shakspere.

G.-Globe Edition of Shakspere.

ACT I.

I. i. The metre of this scene, like that of the others consisting of the speeches of the Weird Sisters, is trochaic. Compare, for difference of effect, the iambic measure of Hecate's speeches, which like these are in octosyllabic verses. In what sense is it said that this scene strikes the keynote of the play? How does such an opening affect the imagination?

I. i. 8-9. Graymalkin and Paddock. Graymalkin was the familiar of the First Witch, Paddock of the Second Witch. For the meaning of the names, v. Glossary. For the familiar of the Third Witch, see IV. i. 3.

I. i. 11. Fair is foul, etc. This is often regarded as having a moral significance. If so, how would you interpret it?

I. ii. 10. For to that. For to that end.

I. ii. 13. Of kerns, etc. For this use of the preposition; v. Abbott, § 171.

I. ii. 15. Like a rebel's whore. I.e., was fickle to the rebel.

I. ii. 21. Ne'er shook hands, etc. The second part of the line explains the first part. Cf. An. and Cleo., IV. xii. 19-20.

I. ii. 34. Lettsom in Var. quotes examples of "captain" used as a trisyllable, = capitaine. This, while making the line run more smoothly, gives us, of course, an Alexandrine.

I. ii. 40. Memorize another Golgotha = make as memorable as the Crucifixion; or, alluding to the etymological sense of Golgotha, explained in Mark, xv, 22 as meaning "the place of a skull," = make memorable as a place of slaughter.

I. ii. 52-53. Cawdor. On the inconsistency of this passage with I. iii. 72-73 is founded one of the arguments against the genuineness of this scene. See Introduction, section on Interpolations, p. 19.

I. ii. 54-55. Bellona's bridegroom. This seems to be only a rather high sounding name for Macbeth. V. Var. Self-comparisons = something that could bear comparison with himself.

I. ii. 62. Ten thousand dollars, "A great anachronism is involved in the mention of dollars here. The dollar was first coined about 1518, in the Valley of St. Joachim, in Bohemia, whence its name,—'Joachim's thaler,' 'thaler,' 'dollar.'" [Clar.]

1. iii. 2. Killing swine. Var. quotes Steevens. "So in A Detection of Damnable Driftes practized by Three Vitches, etc., 1579: 'she came on a tyme to the house of one Robert Lathburie, etc., who, dislyking her dealyng, sent her home emptie; but presently after her departure, his hogges fell sicke and died, to the number of twentie."

I. iii. 8-9. Sieve.....rat. See Var. for instances of the belief that witches could sail in sieves, riddles, eggshells, and the like.

I. iii. 9. Like a rat, etc. The form of a rat was assumed in order to gnaw through the bottom of the ship. As to the lack of a tail Var. quotes Steevens: "It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times) that, though a witch could assume the form of any animal, the tail would still be wanting."

I. iii. 11. Wind, etc. Winds were valuable and usually to be sold, not given away, by witches. Cf. Nash, Summer's Last Will and Testament:

"For, as in Ireland and in Denmark both, Witches for gold will sell a man a wind, Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapp'd, Shall blow him safe into what coast he will."

—Dodsley's Old English Plays, viii. 65.

I-3

I. iii. 15. And the very ports thef blow. "They" in lines 15 and 16 = winds. For BLOW, v. Glossary.

I. iii. 23. Shall he dwindle, etc. The witch would set up a wax figure before the fire, and as the wax wasted the man would dwindle. A long passage in Holinshed's account of the reign of King Duffe is devoted to the attempts of this kind made by witches on the life of the king. V. Var. pp. 356-57.

I. iii. 38. So foul and fair a day. This has been interpreted in various ways. (1) Clar. takes it as referring to the sudden storm raised by the witches; but, as M. points out, the adjectives are in the wrong order for this. (2) Foul in weather, fair with reference to the victory. [Elwin.]

I. iii. 50-60. Note the contrast between Banquo's and Macbeth's attitudes towards the witches and their prophenies, as indicative of their respective characters.

I. iii. 71. Sinel. According to Holinshed, the father of Macbeth.

I. iii. 84. On the insane root. For the use of "on" cf. our ordinary phrase two on (meat, etc.). "Insane root" is explained by the next line; the root which, when eaten, makes one insane. What root is meant is immaterial; perhaps hemlock, which in Shakspere's time was believed to have this effect. V. Var.

I. iii. 92-3. His wonders, etc. He is in doubt whether to give himself up to expressing his own wonder or your praises.

I. iii. 120. That trusted home = if you trusted that to the uttermost, it, etc. For home, cf. such phrases as "strike home."

I. iii. 140. Shakes so my single state. V. Glossary under SINGLE. State of man = human condition [M.].

I. iii. 144. Come is here a past participle.

I. iii. 147. Time and the hour runs, etc. Cf. note on II. i. 61. Observe Macbeth's abstraction.

I. iv. 27. Safe toward = "so as to preserve" [Kittredge, quoted by M.]

I. iv 39. Prince of Cumberland. Holinshed says: "-he made the elder of them called Malcome prince of Cumber-

land, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediately after his decease." [Var. p. 364.]

I. iv. 58. It is, etc. "There is a tench of affectionate familiarity in the phrase 'it is." [Clar.] Cf. An. and Cleo., III. ii. 6; Tim. of Ath., III. i. 23.

1. v. 22. The illness. V. Glossary.

I. v. 30. Golden round. The crown.

I. v. 47. Computations visitings of nature = natural moments of computation. The stock example of this construction—a prepositional phrase instead of an adjective—is "thieves of mercy" = merciful thieves, Ham., IV. vi. 21; ef. also Macb., IV. ii. 66.

I. v. 65. To beguite the time, etc. To cheat the age, i.e., the people about you, look like the people about you. Cf. I. vii. 81 and IV. iii, 72.

I. vi. 3. Gentle senses. I.e., giving us a gentle sensation. A "proleptic construction"; the adjective describing the effect on the senses is applied by anticipation. Cf. III. iv. 76.

I. vi. 20. Hermits. Lady Macbeth refers to the custom of hermits in praying for those who had done them a service.

I. vii. 6-7. Bank........jump, etc. But = only; for BANK, SHOAL, JUMP, v. Glossary.

I. vii. 25. That = so that.

I. vii. 27. Vaulting ambition, which, etc. Rowe prints "th'other." "Macbeth's sentence is probably left unfinished, being interrupted by the entrance of Lady Macbeth." [M.] This is the easiest explanation. The editor wishes he felt sure that it is the most probable one. The general sense is clear. Why "o'erleaps" is not as intelligible as "overreaches," which every body understands, is not apparent. "The other" seems to be an ellipsis for "the other side"; and "falls on the other side" = goes too far. The trouble is that no parallel passage can be cited.

I. vit. 45. Poor cat i' the adage. "Peck, Memoirs of Milton, 1740, p. 253, 'alluding to the French proverb, Le chat aime le poisson mais il n'aime pas a mouiller le patte.' Johnson, 'Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.'" [Var.]

I-5

I-6

T-7

I. vii. 59. We fail! Perhaps the better punctuation here would be a period. If we fail we fail—"and that's the end on't."

ACT II.

II. i. 5. Their. Clar. takes this as referring to heaven and cites Rich. II., III. iii. 17-19; Ham., III. iv. 173, et al., appropriately explaining the construction by the occasional, and formerly general, use of the plural "heavens." M. says: "The inhabitants of heaven may be intended." Remember that the written language in Elizabethan English, much nearer the spoken language than now, was full of such ellipses as constantly occur and are intelligible in our ordinary speech.

II. i. 5. Thee. V. Abbott, § 212.

II. i. 16. Shut up. This has been explained in two ways: (1) As a preterit used absolutely, like "concluded" [Clar]. The editor has seen no parallels cited for this. (2) As a participle in an elliptical construction. Of this interpretation Clar. says "the transition is strangely abrupt." A third explanation, that "shut up" refers to the jewel in its case, gives an equally "abrupt" construction and is unlikely. The second explanation is preferred, taking the sense to be, (he is) shut up (i.e., enclosed) in, etc., a parallel with "He hath been," etc., in line 13 above.

II. i. 17. Being unprepared, etc. This means, "Since Duncan's coming was a surprise, our will (to entertain him properly), which else would have been earried out, has been thwarted by 'defect' (lack of time to make suitable preparation)."

II. i. 25. If you, etc. "If you shall adhere to my party, then, when the result is attained, it shall make honour for you." [Clar.] We here condense Mr. Manly's admirable note on this phrase: "If you shall" emphasizes Banquo's actually siding with Macbeth. The student can settle most apparent differences between the Elizabethan and the Victorian use of "shall" and "will" by remembering that "shall" originally expressed necessity, and then mere futurity, while "will" originally expressed willingness, and then futurity. He will discover that the Elizabethans

felt "shall" and "will" to mean what we feel them to mean, but that they looked at many actions from a different point of view.

Cleave to my consent. Various emendations have been suggested; consort (G. White); contest (Malone); ascent (Capell). But the text can be understood as it stands. (1) If you shall make an agreement with me and stick to it. (2) If you shall stick to my party. But "con-

sent" nowhere else means party.

II. i. 445. Mine eyes.....rest. Mine eyes are fools compared with the other senses (if my sight is deceiving me), or else they are worth all the rest (if my sight is not deceiving me).

II. i. 51. Curtain'd. V. Glossary and note on III. i. 95.

II. i. 52. Hecate's offerings = offerings to, not by, Hecate.

II. i. 61. Words.....gives. An apparent but not a real singular verb. -es in such cases as this is best taken to be the relic of plural inflection in the Northern English dialect. V. Sweet, New Eng. Gram., § 1238.

II. i. 62. Bell. V. line 32 of this scene, and also V. i. 37, where Lady Macbeth in her sleep counts the strokes of the clock. Which bell does Macbeth mean? Would he be likely to refer to the bell of line 32 as a knell?

II. ii. 3-4. Bellman. Clar. quotes Webster, Duchess q. Malfi, IV. ii:

"... I am the common bellman That usually is sent to condemn'd persons The night before they suffer."

II. ii. 10. The attempt and not the deed. These are not alternatives. Take the phrase as = unsuccessful attempt. For a similar example, cf. IV. ii. 47 and note.

II. ii. 35-36. "There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally fol-

lowed." [T.]

II. ii. 39. Second course. Explained by the first half of the following line. M. says the second course at Elizabethan feasts consisted mainly of roasts, etc., and hence "chief nourisher."

II. ii. 68. Your constancy, etc. The best explanatory par-

aphrase is made by simply omitting the last word, "unattended." Constancy = firmness.

II. ii. 71-72. Lost so poorly. V. Glossary, Poorly. II. iii. 2. Old turning. Cf. Mer. Ven., IV. ii. 15-16,

Por. We shall have old swearing.

That they did give the rings away to men.

[Clar.] and Much Ado, V. ii, 97-99. "Urs.: Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home; it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused." [A.] Cf. 4.30 the slang expression "high old time." In the more recent slang phrase "any old time" the force of "old," though not quite the same, is still intensive.

II. iii. 6. Expectation of plenty. The "expectation of plenty brought in with it low prices" [Clar.], and consequent loss to the farmer. For parallels cf. Var.; and v. Introduction, p. 19.

II. iii. 18. Equivocate to heaven. (1) Get to heaven by equivocation. [Clar.] (2) M. suggests, as an alternative, "deceive God." On the bearing of this passage on the date of the play, v. Introduction, p. 19.

II. iii. 17. Stealing . . . hose. I.e. stealing part of the cloth supplied to make the hose or trousers.

II. iii. 23. Primrose way. The easy or flowery way. Cf. All's Well, IV. v, 56 and Ham., I. iii. 50.

II. iii. 28. Second cock. 3 A.M. For the time, v. Rom, and Jul., IV. iv. 3-4. [M.]

II. iii. 39. Limited service. V. Glossary, Limited.

II. iii, 46. Obscure bird. Cf. II. ii. 3.

II. iii. 81. All is but toys. For meaning, v. Glossary, toys.

II. iii. 110. Auger-hole. Any small, obscure hiding place. This has been taken to mean specifically the bore of a pistol or the sheath of a dagger. [Elwin, quoted in Var. p. 124.] But it is unlikely that Donalbain, impressed merely with the imminence of concealed danger, meant anything as definite as this.

II. iii. 114. Upon the foot of motion. Our strong sorrow is yet motionless, has not expressed itself; a parallel in thought to Donalbain's last words.

II. iii. 192. Mandy readiness. Armor. Clar. compares stage direction in 1 Hen. VI., II. i. 38: "The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Regnier, half ready and half unready." Ready = dressed.

IL iii. 129. Near. Probably a contraction of the com-

parative = nearer. V. Glossary.

II. iv. 5-6. Man's act.....bloody stage. Note the metaphor taken from the theatre. This was a very common Elizabethan figure of speech.

II. iv. 7. Travelling lamp = the sun.

ACT III.

III. i. 44. Note the metre of the line. God be will you, the original of our good-bye, is metrically equivalent to a trisyllable, God b' wi' you. Cf. also V. viii. 53.

III. i. 68. Eternal jewel = immortal soul.

III. i. 95. Valued file = list with estimates of value. "Valued" is not a participle but an adjective. V. Glossary. The use of -ed to form adjectives from nouns is entirely distinet from its use to form past participles from verbs. Cf. "bearded,"-the meaning being, "provided with a beard." In Elizabethan English this meaning was much extended. Other instances of adjectives so formed which occur in Macbeth are: II. i. 51, curtain'd sleep; III. ii. 27, rugged looks; III. iii. 6, lated traveller; III. iv. 24, cabin'd, cribb'd; III. iv. 27, trenched gashes; III. iv. 40, roofed honour; III. iv. 41, graced person; III. iv. 110, admired disorder; IV. i. 1, brinded eat; IV. i. 24, ravin'd shark; IV. i. 123, bloodbolter'd Banquo; IV. ii. 83, shag-hair'd villain; IV. iii. 104, unfitled tyrant; IV. iii. 104, bloody-sceptr'd; V. vii. 20, undeeded sword. For fuller explanation, v. Glossary under the appropriate word.

III. i. 130. The perfect spy. This much discussed passage has never been satisfactorily explained. The principal suggestions are: (1) I will acquaint you with (the result of) the most accurate observation of the time. (2) I will acquaint you with a man who is the perfect spy of the time (knows the exact time). (3) I will acquaint you by means of the man, etc. No parallels have been cited for (1). In

II-4

(2) we should expect a spy instead of the spy. [M.] (4) Put a period after 129. Then "acquaint you" is imperative = acquaint yourself with the exact time. The present editor thinks "the moment on't" in the next line is intended to parallel and paraphrase "the perfect spy." Cf. for similar parallels, I. ii. 21; II. ii. 39-40; II. iii. 114 and notes. But, as said above, no parallel for "spy" in this sense can be cited.

III. i. 73-142. Negotiation with murderers. Cf. Hunter in Var., p. 149: "Negotiations of this kind with assassins is now a thing so much unknown that this seeme loses some of its effect from the incredulity with which we peruse it. But in the age of Elizabeth such negotiations were not very uncommon. An instance had recently occurred in the neighborhood of Stratford."

TIT- 2-00

III. i. 132-3. Always thought.....elearness. Note the characteristic ellipsis.

III. ii. 4. Nought's had. Strutt and Hunter are quoted in Var. as assigning this line to Macbeth. Lady Macbeth's words, "How now, etc.," (line 8) would certainly then be more pointed. But they can be equally well explained if spoken by Lady Macbeth, to whom they probably belong.

III. ii. 16. Both the worlds. Heaven and earth.

III. ii. 38. Nature's copy. I.e., the copy of nature, explained by M. and Clar. as a legal metaphor, nature being tenant by copyhold tenure of the bodies of Banquo and Fleance. Clar. quotes Cowel's Law Diet. s. v.; "Copyhold... is a term for which the tenant hath nothing to shew but the copy of the rolls made by the steward of his lord's court. Some copyholds ... the lord taketh at his pleasure." It has been more simply but not more surely explained as the copy made by nature of God's image.

11-3

III. ii. 49. Cancel, etc. Cf. III. ii. 38, note.

III. iii. Much has been written on the identity of the third murderer, Macbeth and Ross being the chief suggestions. Neither seems likely, nor is the matter of importance.

III. iii. 10. Note of expectation. List of expected guests.
III. iv. 14. He within. The interpretations offered are:
(1) It is better to have blood on thy face than Banquo in

the room. (2) (In an aside) It is better to have thee at the door than Banquo in the room. (3) It, i.e., the blood, is better outside thee than inside him. Though no precise parallel for the apparent grammatical violation can be quoted, the third interpretation is the only probable one.

Hi. iv. 33. Feast is sold, etc. The meaning seems plain. M. says, "A rather queer remark; surely it was not then the custom to put it as crudely as this." Probably all that Lady Macbeth means is that Macbeth's manner has been anything but such as to put the guests at their ease. For A-MAKING, v. Glossary.

III. iv. 46. M. acutely remarks here, "This is effective on the stage, but how do the editors who apply to Shakespere's plays the tests of life explain this failure to reserve a chair for Banquo as well as for Macbeth?"

III. iv. 60. Proper stuff. Ironical = fine talk! i.e., pure nonsense.

III. iv. 76. Gentle weal. V. Glossary and note on I. vi. 3. The weal is gentle after the statutes have purged it.

III. iv. 106. Inhabit, V. Glossary.

III. iv. 107. Bahy of a girl. The interpretations are: (1) a doll; (2) the weak child of an immature mother; (3) a babyish girl. The first is the most likely.

III. iv. 119. Stand notgoing. Do not wait to go out in the order of your rank.

III. iv. 124. Understood relations = "the secret relations between things which are understood by the initiated." [M.]

III. iv. 131-2. There's not . . . a servant fee'd. Note the significance of this as indicating Macbeth's state of mind.

III. v. On this scene, v. Introduction, section on In terpolations, pp. 31 ff.

III. vi. 8. Want the thought. It is clear that a negative answer is expected. The word for word reply would be "No one cannot want." Want = lack. There is, then, for the sake of emphasis a superfluous negative (v. Abbott, § 406), but the sense is clear.

III. vi. 38. Exasperate. Clar. says, "Verbs derived from Latin participial forms do not necessarily have a 'd' final in the participle passive. Cf.eTro. and Cres., V. i. 34; Tit. And., I. i. 14; Meas. for Meas., II. ii. 154."

III. vi. 41. Turns me his back. V. Abbott, § 220, and ef. Dalgleish, quoted in Var., p. 196, "Here analogous to the Greek, Latin, and German dative used to indicate the person indirectly affected. . . . The 'me' was used in this sense indiscriminately for all persons, first, second and third."

III. vi. Is it possible to construct a time scheme for the play into which this scene will fit? Cf. III. iv. 128-133 and IV. i.

ACT IV.

IV. i. 3. Harpier. The familiar of the Third Witch. V. Var. for suggestions as to the meaning of the name. No one really knows, and, after all, what difference does it make? The name of a witch's familiar may well be mysterious.

IV.i. 6. Toud that under cold stone. "Cold" is probably metrically equivalent to a dissyllable.

IV. i. 43, Stage direction. V. Introduction, section on Interpolations, pp. 31 ff.

IV. i. 44. Pricking of my thumbs. "It is a very ancient superstition that all sudden pains of the body which could not naturally be accounted for were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen." [Steevens in Var.]

IV. i. 68. Whose head is signified? Cf. V. viii. 53, stage direction. What is the signification of the other apparitions?

IV. i. 84. Bond of fate. I will bind fate to perform her promise just made.

IV. i. 111. The eight kings are usually given as Robert II., Robert III., James I. to James VI., Mary Stuart being passed over. But, according to line 121, Macbeth sees the kings with two-fold balls, etc., only in the glass.

IV. i. 121. Two-fold balls, etc., referring to the double coronation of James at Scone and at Westminster. The treble sceptres are of Great Britain, France and Ireland, according to the title assumed by James. V. Dedication to the King James's Bible. For bearing of this on the date of the play, see Introduction, section on Date, p. 19.

IV. ii. 19. When . . . fear. When we believe rumor in consequence of what we fear. V. Glossary, HOLD and FROM.

IV. ii. 22. Each way and move. This passage has been much discussed, proof that it is not so simple as it appears. The full sense would be—But float each way upon a wild, etc., and move each way upon, etc.

IV. ii. 47. Swears and lics. Take the words together = swears falsely; for a similar construction, cf. II. ii. 10. The boy, however, does not so understand his mother; v. lines 51, 52.

IV. ii. 66. State of honour. Honorable state. Cf. I. v. 17.

IV. iii. 15. And wisdom. The text is corrupt. Clar, suggests that an entire line may have dropped out. If so, the various attempts at emendation are worse than useless. As usual, the sense is plain enough.

IV. iii. 43. Gracious England. The King of England, Edward the Confessor.

IV. iii. 135. At a point. Prepared.

IV. iii. 136-7. Chance of goodness. For construction, cf. I. v. 47, note. For Chance, v. Glossary.

IV. iii. 140-159. On touching for "king's evil," v. Introduction, section on Date, p. 19.

IV. iii. 173, Or ere, V. Glossary.

IV. iii. 216. He has no children. This has been taken:—
(1) To apply to Malcolm. (2) To apply to Macbeth, meaning that Macduff could not revenge himself in kind by killing Macbeth's children. (3) To apply to Macbeth, meaning that Macbeth, being childless, could not comprehend the awfulness of the deed, else even he would have shrunk from it. (1) is too disrespectful. (2) is hardly in accord with our conception of Macduff's character.

ACT V.

V. ii. 10-11. Many unrough manhood. Many smooth faced youths that even now do the first public act of their maturity.

V. iii. 8. Epicures. Steevens quotes Holinshed to illus

trate the Scotch belief that the English were over fond of good eating.

V. iii. 21. Cheer. Furness: Cheer me ever or dis-ease me now. Steevens, quoting Dr. Percy: Chair me ever or disseat me now. [Var.] The first Folio has dis-eate; the second disease. The readings have been combined in various unsatisfactory ways. Percy's reading is the most pleasing and the least likely.

V. iii. 50-1. Cast the water. Diagnose by inspection of urine.

V. iv. 11-12. Advantage to be given. No sense has been made of this as it stands. These two ways out have been proposed: (1) Emend given to gone, got, gained, or some other word that may make sense. (2) Read:

'Tis his main hope, For there there is advantage to be given. Both more and less, etc.

Give advantage means to give odds, cf. 1 Hen. IV., V. iii. 2. Perhaps our passage means, "when the odds are in their favor both more and less have revolted." More and less = high and low.

V. iv. 14. Just censures. That our censures may be just, let us, etc. For meaning of censures, v. Glossary. For construction, cf. I. vi. 3; III. iv. 77.

V. v. 5. Forced. V. Glossary.

V. v. 17. Should . . . hereafter. Would inevitably, not, ought to have. Macbeth's speech is not in reply to Seyton, but is the revelation of the final attitude toward life to which his development has brought him.

V. vii. 2. Bear-like . . . course. The figure is from the amusement of bear-baiting. Course = bout, round. Cf. Lear, II. vii. 54.

V. vii. 29. Foes that strike beside us. Foes who let their blows fall on the air and not on us, because they are secretly our friends.

V. viii. 42. Unshrinking station. Epithet transferred from man to thing; the station where he, unshrinking, fought.

I-5

V-7

A-8

GLOSSARY.

Addition: a title given to a man besides his Christian name and surname, showing his estate, degree, trade, or place of dwelling. Cf. Cor., I. ix. 66; Henry V., V. ii, -I. iii. 106. Address'd: prepared. -- II. if. 24. Adhere: suit. -I. vii. 52, Admired (adj.): characterized by being wondered at. The -ed suffix for forming adjectives from nouns had, in Elizabethan English, a widely extended use. Such words as "admired," where the suffix is attached not to a noun but to a verb, but which are none the less adjectives, not participles, are common in Shakspere. Cf. "knowledge ill inhabited" - characterized by having an ill habitation. As You Like It. III. iii. 10: similarly "becomed love", Rom. and Jul., IV. ii. 26. Cf. note on III. i. 95. -III. iv. 110,

Afeard: made afraid, p. p. of afear. Cf. Hamlet, V. ii. 310. —I. iii. 16. Affection: disposition, nature. Cf. Mcr. Ven., I. ii. 37 and 41.

—IV. iii. 77.

Affecrd: confirmed. "Affecr" is given by Skeat. Flym. Dict., from O. F. affeurer, to fix the price of things officially. —IV. iii. 34. All-thing (adv.): altogether. Cf. New Emplish Dict., I. 296.

—III. i. 18.

A-making: a compacted prepositional phrase, of which the parts are on—in, and making, an abstract norm. These norms are

wholly separate from participles in ing and never had anything to do with them. Abbott (§ 24, 2) is incorrect. —III. iv. 31.

Amazed, amazedly: utterly bewildered. McJern colloquial use has much weakened the force which the words had in Shukspere's time. —II. iii. 96; IV. i. 120; V. i. 84.

An: if. It is the conj. and pro-

nounced, as commonly now, without the d. —III. vi. 19. Annoyance: injury, serious bodily

harm. —V. i. 82.

Anon: (1) at once; (2) in a moment.

The ordinary reply to a summons.

Cf. 1, Hen. IV., II. iv. 41.

—I.i. 10; II. iii. 24, 25.
Antic: quaint. The same word as
"antique." In Shakspere's time the
present differentiation in meaning
had not been made and the accent
was invariably on the first syllable. Cf. Hamlet, V. ii. 352; and cf.
this Crossary under Humane.

—IV.1.130.
Approve: prove. Cf. Shakspere's
Sonnet LXX.5. —I. vi. 4.
Argument: subject. Cf. Milton's
Par. Lost, i. 24. 1 Hen. IV., II. ii.
100 ff. —II. iii. 108.
Aroint: begone. Cf. Lear, III. iv.

—I. III. 6.
Assay: attempt. —IV. iii. 143.
Augurs: auguries. Shakspero's
usual word for augur is "augurer," as in Jul. Cas., II. i. 200 and
II. ii. 37: but cf. Sonnet CVII. 6.

129. The etymology is unknown.

A-weary: The prefix here seems not to be from of as explained by Abbott, §24. 3, but due wholly to the analogy of words like alive, where it is the preposition on. Cf. A-MAKING, above, and cf. New Eng. Dict. —V. v. 49

Balted: provoked; harassed. (To bait, causative, from bite, originally = make to bite.) —V. viii. 29, Bane: destruction; originally an agent noun meaning "that which kills." —V. iii. 59.

Bank: in the ordinary sense of ground on the edge of water; not, as some editors have taken it, beach.

—I. vii. 6.

Battle: a division of an army. Cf.
Jul. Cæs, V. i. 4 and V. iii. 108.

-V. vi. 4.

Bellona: the goddess of war.

—I. ii. 54
Benison: blessing. The same word
as "benediction," but coming
through French instead of directly from the Latin. Such pairs of
words are known as "doublets."

—II. iv. 40.

Birthdom: explained by Dr. John.
son as "birthright," better by Clar.
as "land of our birth." For the
suffix dom v. Earle, Pidl. of Eng.
Thague, 5th ed., §§322, 323.

Blaspheme: literally, to speak ill of, to slander; a doublet of blame, (Cf. under BENISON above.)

—IV. iii. 108.

*Blood-boltered: with hair clotted with blood. Adj. formed from Yerb on analogy of forms like bloody-sceptered. —IV. i. 123.

*Blow: blow upon (v. Schmidt).

—I. iii. 15.

Bodement: announcement, prediction, favorable or otherwise. Cf.

Tro. and Cres., V. iii. 80. —IV. i. 96.

Borne in hand: deceived with false promises. — III. i. Si. Breech'd: provided with breeches or having such an appeasance, i. e., covered with. — II. iii. 104. Brinded: brindled, striped; connected with brand. V. Skeat, Etym. Dict. — IV. i. 1. Broad: unrestrained. Cf. Tim. Ath.,

-III. vi. 21; III. iv. 23.

Bruited: noised, reported with clamor [Steevens in Var.].

III. Iv. 64.

-V. vii. 22,

Cabin'd: literally, provided with a cabin; imprisoned. No other citation is given for cabin as a transitive verb and this form may equally well be an adjective. Of note on III. i, 95, and v. ADMIRED, above.

—III. iv. 24.

Casing: encasing, enclosing.

Censures: opinions. Cf. Lat. censere, to give an opinion. —V. iv, 14. Champion: "Fight with me in single combat.' This seems to be the only known passage in which the verb is used in that sense." [Clar.] —III. i. 72. Chance: fortune—ill, as in II. iii.

78, or good, as in IV. III. 136. Chaps: jaws. Cf. King John, II. 1. 352. —I. II. 22.

Chaudron: intestines. —IV. i. 33, Choppy: chapped. Cf. As You Like It, II. iv. 58. Choughs: a kind of crows. Cf. Temp. II. i. 256. —III. iv. 125.

Chuck: said to be a variant of chick.
Cf. Oth., IV. ii. 24; Love's Labor's
Lost, V. i. 117.
—III. ii. 45,
Clept: called. Cf. Hamlet, I. iv. 19,

Rare in Modern English, but common in Middle English.

-III.1. 94,

Cling: shrivel. The modern mean- | Cribb'd: v. CABIN'D. It is not ing has developed from this older -V. v. 40.

Cloister'd: having to do with a cloister. An example of the Elizabethan freedom in coining adicatives. V. ADMIRED, above.

-III. ii. 41. Close: secret. -III. v. 7. Cloudy: gloomy, Cf. 1, Hen. IV., III. II. 83. -III. vi. 41.

Coign; a corner. Cf. Cor., V. iv. 1. -I. vi. 7. Composition: the arrangement of

terms of peace. Cf. Cor., III. i. -T ii. 59. Compt: account. -T. vi. 26.

Compunctious: causing compunction. Cf. for a similar form on-LIVIOUS, below. -I. v. 47. Confineless: not to be confined;

not having confines, that is, bounds. -IV. iii. 55. Confounds: ruins. -II. ii. 11.

Consent: agreement. V. note on this passage. Cf. 2 Hen. IV., V. i.

78: As You Like It, II. ii. 3. -II. i. 25. Continent: restraining.

-IV. iii. 64 Convey: carry on secretly.

-IV. III. 71. Convince: overcome, "in the radical but not the classical sense of the Latin convincere" (Chambers). -I. vil. 64; IV. iii. 142.

Corporal: corporeal, bodily. "Shakspere always uses this form 'corporal' as in this play." [Clar.] -I. iii. 81; I. vii. 80.

Countenance: to give countenance to. -- II. iii. 67. Cracks: here in the sense of "charge," rather than of the noise nade by the charge. For the more usual sense, cf. IV. 1. 117. "No other example of crack - load, charge, is known." [M.] -I. ii. 37.

necessary to suppose a verb - to confine in a crib. -III. iv. 24, Curtain'd; having a curtain.

~-II. i. 51. Cyme: probably a misprint. The 2d and 3d folios, according to Clar., print "caeny," the 4th, "senna,"

which is the reading adopted by most editors; v. Variorum. Senna is a "little purgative shrub or plant." -V. iii. 55.

Dear, dearest: having a close relation to, whether pleasant or unpleasant. Cf. Rich. II., I. iil. 151: Ham., I. ii. 182. -I. v. 12; V. ii. 3. Degrees: ranks. Cf. Mer. Ven., II.

ix. 41. -III. iv. 1. Distance: enmity. -- III. I. 116.

Doff: to do off, set free from.

-IV. III. 188. Doubt: to fear.

-IV. 11. 67; V. v. 43, Drab: harlot. -IV. i. 31. Dudgeon: the hilt; "whether so called because often made of boxwood or on account of crooked

ridges to keep the hand from slipping is uncertain." [M.] The etymology is unknown. -II. 1. 46.

Enow: enough. -IV. 11. 57.

Cr. Ham., II. Eterne: eternal. ii. 512. -- III. ii. 38. Expedition: haste. Rich. III., IV.

111. 54.

Fact: literally, something done (Lat. factum, a deed). In Shakspere almost always used of an evil

deed. Cf. 1. Hen. VI., IV. i. 30. -III. vi. 10.

-II. iii. 98.

Faculties; powers. -I. vii. 17. Fantastical: imaginary; created by fautasy. - I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139. Farrow: usually explained as a litter of pigs, but surely here in

the older meaning of an individual dier of Scotland or Ireland, armed -IV. i. 65. with helmet and coat of mail. pig. A. S. fearh. sword and ax. The word is taken Favour: countenance. -I. v. 74. Fee-grief: "a peculiar sorrow, a from Holinshed. (Ir. gigloglach, grief that hath a single owner." a servant, a heavy armed soldier. [Johnson in Var.] Property held Skeat, Etym. Dict.) -f. ii. 13. "in fee" is property held abso-Germens: seeds. Cf. LearvIII. ii. lutely. -IV. iii. 196. -IV. 1. 59. Gild: used figuratively of smear-Fell: primarily the skin; then the ing with blood. Cf. golden in II. skin with the hair, as of an animal: then a hairy covering, as iii. 100 and King John, II, 1, 316, here. -V. v. 11. Note the pun in the next line. Fenny: living in a fen. -IV. i. 12. File: list. -III. i. 95, 102; V. ii. 8. Gouts: drops. (Lat. gutta.)-II. 1. 46. Filed: defiled; not, however, a Graced: gracious: -ed here is the "corrupted" form of the latter. adj. suffix meaning "character-Clar, cites Faery Queene, III. i, 62. ized by." V. ADMIRED, above. -TIL. 1. 05 -III, iv. 41, Graymalkin: Malkin is a diminu-Fits: convulsions: used here figuratively. -IV. ii. 17. tive nickname for Mary. Gray-Flaws: originally gusts of wind; malkin = (1) A familiar name for a gray cat; (2) a name for any cat here, figuratively, of passion. -III. iv. 63. as Ned is for a donkey. Cf. note on Flighty: in swift flight, fleeting. this passage. -I. i. 8 Grooms: servants; formerly of -IV. i. 145. Flourish: a set of notes on a trummuch wider application than now. pet performed on the approach The derivation from A. S. guma, of any person of distinction. man, is uncertain. -II. il. 5. -I. iv. stage direction. Gulf: maw. -IV. i. 23. Flout: mock defiantly. -I. ii. 49. Foisons: profusions: "unusual in the plural," says Clar. and cites Hangman: executioner. Cf. Much Tenip. IV. i. 110. -IV. iii. 88. Ado, III. ii. 11, Follows: attends, follows upon. -I. vi. 11.

Forbid: accursed, under an inter-

Franchised: free (here, from dis-

Function: "active exercise of the

Gallowglass: a heavy-armed sol-

-I. iii. 21.

foundation.

-- III. iv. 22.

-III, vi. 21; IV. ii. 20.

-II. i. 28.

-I. iii. 140.

-V. v. 5.

diet

Forced: reinforced.

loyal obligations).

From: in consequence of.

faculties." [Clar.]

Founded: having a

Hangman: executioner. Cf. Much Ado, III. il. 11. ——II. il. 27. Harbinger: (1) "an officer of the royal household whose duty it was to ride in advance of the king and procure lodgings for him and his attendants on their arrival at any place." [Clar.] (2) Figuratively, a forerunner.

—I. iv. 45; V. vi. 10.

Hautboys: a wooden wind instrument. (Fr. hant bois, an oboe.) —I. vl. stage direction.

Hawk'd at: struck, as a hawk strikes its prey. —II. iv. 13. Hedge pig: hedgehog. —IV. i. 2. Hold: believe. —IV. ii. 19.

Holp: helped. Holp: helped. —L. vi. 23. Kern: (1) a light-arried soldier of Horror: used here for the fearful Scotland or Ireland, armed with Scotland or Ireland, armed with silence. -II. i. 59. javelin or dagger. (2) Contempta Howlet: young owl. -IV 1.17. ously, a mere common so, dier. Cf. Humane: the present distinction Lady of the Lake, VI. xi. 1. Macbetween "humane" and "human" duff's use in V. vii. 17 has . omewas in Shakspere's time not obthing of each meaning in it. (Celt. served either in spelling or proceathurnach, a soldier, Skeat.) nunciation. The accent is on the -I. il. 13; I. ii. 30; V. vii. 17. first syllable. -TII, iv. 76. Knolled: tolled. -V. viii. 50. Hurlyburly: a tumult; specifically Knowings: experiences, traces of here, the tumult of battle, as the knowledge. -II. iv. 4. next line shows. A reduplicated form of hurly. Cf. King John, III. Laced: marked with streaks. Cf. iv. 169. -I. i. 3. Cym., II. il. 22; Rom, and Jul., III. Husbandry: thrift. -II. i. 4. v. 8. -- II. iii, 100. Hyrcan: belonging to Hyrcania, a Lack: need, requirement. country south of the Caspian Sea. -IV. iii. 237. -III. iv. 101. Lapped: wrapped. Cf. Cym., V. v. "IId: for "vield" in the older sense of 360; Rich. III., II. i. 115.-I. ii. 54. reward. Cf. As You Like It, V. Latch: seize, lay hold of. Cf. the noun latch. iv. 56; An. and Cleo., IV. ii. 33. --- IV. iii. 195. Lated: late; the suffix having the -I. vi. 13. Illness: evil disposition, wickedmeaning "characterized by being," Formed from late as azured from -I. v. 22. azure, silver'd from silver. Cf. Impress: press, i.e., force into serv-Hamlet, I. ii. 242. ice. -IV. i. 95. -III. iii. 6 Levy: an armed force. -III. ii. 25. Inch: inch or inshe in the Celtic Limbee: popular form of alembic, a languages signifies an island. still. -I. ii. 61. -I. vii. 67. Informs (thus): brings forth this Limited: appointed, bound by special instructions, as here of time. form. -II. I. 48. Cf. Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 176; Inhabit: keep at home, remain Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 431 .- II. iii. 39, within doors. [Clar.] This guess seems justifiable, though no other Line: reinforce, as a garment is strengthened by lining [M]. Cf. 1. example has been cited. . -- III. iv. 105. Hen. IV., II. iii. 86; Hen. V., II. Interest: here, in the sense of afiv. 7; King John, II.1.352,-I. iii, 112, fection. For bosom, cf. the phrase, Lodged: laid. Cf. Rich. II., III. 2 bosom friend. ill. 162. -IV. i. 55. -I. ii. 64. Loon: boy, clown, rogue, booby; Intrenchant: properly, not able to here probably in the last sense. Cf. cut; here, showing no trace of a -V. vili. 9. Oth., II. iii. 95, where it is spelled -- V. III. II. Jump; risk. Cf. Cym., V. iv. 188. Luxurious: licentious. -IV. iii, 58. -I. vii. 7.

Magot-ples: magpies. - III. iv. 125.

-I. vi. 6. | Martlet: a martin; an emendation

Jutty: projection. Cf. Hen. V., III.

1, 13,

by Rowe for "barlet" of the Folios. Navigation: shipping. —IV. 1. 54

—I. vi. 4. Near (comp.): a comparative form used in later English as positive used in later English as positive used in later and the later of the later of

same word which is used in checkmate. It has nothing to do with
mate = match. V. Note in Skeat's
Etym. Dict. -V. i. 8i.

Mere: entire, complete.

—IV. iii. 89; IV. iii. 152. Metaphysical: supernatural. Clar. quotes Florio, World of Wordes, 1598, "metafisico, one that professeth things supernatural."

—I. v. 31.

Methought: it seemed to me; "an entirely distinct word from the preterite of "think" with which it has in time become confused.

—II. ii. 35; V. v. 34.

Minion: favorite, "mignon."
—I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.

Minutely: occurring every minute.

-V. ii. 18.

Missives; messengers. Cf. An. and

-I. v. 7.

-III. iv. 85.

Cleo., II. ii. 74.

iii. 305.

Modern: common, ordinary. Cf. All's Well, II. iii. 2; Rom. and Jul., III. ii. 120; As You Like It, -IV. iii. 170. II. vii. 156, -V. iii. 35. Moe: more. Mortality: mortal life. -II. iii. 80. Mortified: dead. -V.ii. 5. Mummy: "properly a sort of semifluid gum which oozes from an embalmed body when heat is applied." [M.] -IV. i. 23.

Napkins: handkerchiefs. Cf. Jul. Cas., III. ii. 138. — II. iii. 7. Maught: evil. Cf. "naughty," Romand Jul., III. ii. 87. — IV. Iii. 225. Nave: the central part of a wheel, here, and here only, used for navel, which is in origin a diminutive of nave. V. Skeat, Etym. Dict.

Muse: wonder. Cf. Rich. III., I.

Navigation: shipping. —IV. i. 54
Near (comp.): a comparative form, used in later English as positive with new comparative nearer.
The A. S. positive was neah, comparative near. —II. iii. 129
Newt: a lizard. —IV. si. 14.
Nice: minutely pagticular. The

gradual change in meaning of this word has been somewhat as follows: (1) Foolish. (2) Foolishly particular. (3) Particular. (4) Agreeably particular. (5) Agreeable. —IV. iii. 174.

Niggard: miser. —IV. iii, 180. Nightgown: wrapper, dressing gown. Nightgowns in the modern sense were unknown until a comparatively recent date.

—II. ii. 70; V. i. 5.

Nonpareil: one without equal.

Cf. Tw. Night, I. v. 273.

—III. iv. 19.

Notion: mind. Cf. Lear, I. iv. 248, —III. i. 83.

Oblivious: causing oblivion. Cf.
"insane" in I. iii, 84. [A.]—V. iii, 43.
O'er-fraught: over-freighted.
—IV. iii, 210.

Offices: "that part of the castle appropriated to the domestics,"
[Clar.] Cf. Rich. II., I. ii. 69,
—II. i. 14.

On: of. —I, iii. 84; V. i. 68.
Or: before: it has no connection with the alternative or.

—IV. iii. 178. Owe: own. —I. iii. 76; I. iv. 10; III. iv. 113; V. ii. 26.

Paddock: a toad. Diminutive of Middle English padde, Icel, padda. Cf. Hamlet, III. iv. 190. Cf. note on this passage. —I. 1. 9. Pall (vb.): wrap as in a pall. —I. v. 53.

-I. il. 22. Palter: equivocate -V. viii. 20.

whether from the patched or parti-colored dress of jesters, or from Italian pazzo, a fool, is uncertain. Cf. Mid. N. Dream, III. ii.9; Mer. Ven., II, v. 46,-V. iii. 15. Pearl: "this means 'thy kingdom's wealth, orerather 'ornament," [Malone in Var.] -V. viii. 56, Penthouse: a popular corruption of Fr. appentis, a lean-to, presumably with a sloping roof. -I. iii. 20. Place: "a technical term in falconry for the pitch attained by a falcon before swooping down on its prey." [Clar.] -II. iv. 12. Point, at a: prepared for. For example of the phrase without the article, cf. Lear, I. iv. 347; III. i. 33; Ham., I. il. 200. -IV. iii, 135. Poorly: unworthily. -II. ii. 72, Portable: tolerable. -IV. iii. 89. Posset: "hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."-R. Holmes, Academy of Armourie, b. iii. p. 84. [Malone -II. II. 6. in Var.] Posters: swift travelers. Manly compares Milton, Sonnet XV., line 13, "And post o'er land and ocean without rest." -I. iii. 33, Power: army. -IV. iii. 185; IV. iii. 236; V. ii. 1; V. vi. 7. Present: immediate, its usual Elizabethan sense; of "presently," IV. lii. 145, also Mer. Ven., I. i. 183. -I. ii. 64. Pretence: design, intent. Cf. Cor., I. ii. 20. - II. III. 120. Pretend: Intend. -II. Iv. 24. Probation: proof, Cf. Meas. for Meas., V. i. 157. -III. i. 80. Proof: armor that has been proved impenetrable, Cr. Rich, III., V. iii. 219; Rom. and Jul., I. i. 216. -I. ii. 54.

Patch: a term of contempt, | Protest: publicly proclaim. Cf. Much Ado, V. i, 149. -III. iv. 105; V. ii 11. Purveyor: officer whose duty it was to precede the king and his suite and provide food for them. -I. vi. 22. Push: attack, Cf. 1 Hen. IV., III. ii. 66; Jul. Cæs., V. ii. 5 .- V. iii. 20. Put on: set to work. -IV. iii, 239. Quarrel; cause. -I. ii. 14. Quarry: (1) the entrails of the deer, given to the hounds; (2) the dead game itself. -IV. iii. 206. Quell: murder; uncommon as a noun, but common as a verb. Cf. Mid. N. Dream, V. 1, 292, -I. vii. 72. Rancours: hatreds: here used as if concrete bitter ingredients. -III. 1. 67. Ravell'd: tangled. Cf. Two Gen. of V., III. it. 52. -II. ii. 37. Ravin: devour. Cf. Meas. for Meas., I. ii. 133. -II. iv. 28. Ravin'd: ravenous. V. ADMIRED, above. -IV. 1. 24. Rawness: without due preparation. -IV. III. 26. Receipt: receptacle. -I. vii. 60. Received: received as true. -I. vii. 74. Recoil: give way, yield. In V. ii. 23 more nearly in its ordinary sense of "rebound, start back." -IV. III. 19. -Repetition: recital. -II. iii. 72. Require: request. Cf. An. and Cleo., III, xii. 12; Hen. V., II. iv. 101. -III. iv. 6. Ronyon: literally, a scabby or mangy woman; here apparently a general term of abuse. - I, ili. 6. Roof'd: provided with a roof. -III. iv. 40.

Rooky: (1) gloomy or misty; (2) possibly, full of rooks.

Scarf up: blindfold. —III. ii. 47.
Scotch'd: slashed, cut across. Cf.
Cor., IV. v. 198. —III. ii. 13.
Seeling: making blind, a technical
term in faconry. To seel was to
close the eyes of a young hawk by
drawing a thread through the lids.
—III. ii. 46.

Self-abuse: self-deception.

—III. iv. 142.
Sennet: "a technical term for a particular set of notes played by trumpets or cornets and different from a flourish." [Clar.]

—III. 1. 10, stage direction.
Se'nnights: weeks, seven nights.
Cf. fortnight.
—I. iii. 22.
Sensible: apparent to the senses.
—II. 1, 36.

Sewer: "the officer who formerly set and removed dishes, tasted them, etc." [Skeat.] "In Elizabethan times when servants entered with the dishes for a banquet, he preceded them." [M.]

—I. vii., stage direction.

Shag; with rough hair. The first and second folios have 'shagear'd," which would appear to mean with ears concealed by a rough head of hair. —IV. ii SS. Shard-borne: borne on shards, i.e. the scaly wing case of the beetle. Cf. Cym., III. iii. 20; An. and Cleo., III. iii. 20. — III. ii. 42. Shoal: Theobald's emendation for "schoole" of the folios. A shallow, a sand bank. "More particularly among seamen a sandbank which shows at low water." Cent. Dict. — I. vii. 6. Shoughs: rough coated dogs, now

Shoughs: rough coated dogs, now called "shocks." [M.]—III. i. 94. Sightless: invisible.

-I. v. 51, and vii. 23,

Single: weak. Cf. Cor., II. 1, 40; Temp., I. ii. 432; 2 Hen. IV., I. ii. 207. — I. iii. 140; I. vl. 16. Skirr: scour. — V. iii. 35. Slab: slimy, viscous. — IV. ii. 32. Sleave: raw silk floss. — II. ii. 37. Sole: mere, alone. — IV. iii. 12. Solemn: stately, ceremonious.

-III. i. 14.
Sooth: (1) n. truth; (2) adj. true.
-I. ii. 36; V. v. 40.
Sore: dreadful. -II. iv. 3.

Speculation: (1) power of sight, (2) "It means more than this,—the intelligence of which the eye is the medium and which is perceived in the eye of a living man." [Clar.] —III. iv. 95. Sponger; imbibling like a sponge

Spongy: imbibing like a sponge.

The best explanation of this word is Ham., IV. ii. 15-23, q. v.

—I. vii. 71.

Sprites: the word is our "spires."

It — (1) ghests; III. v. 27. (2)

Spirits in the ordinary modern sense of the plural applied to living beings, as when we speak of a man's being in "high spirits."

—IV. i. 127.

Stanchless: insatiable.—IV. iii. 78.
State: (1) a canopy; (2) a chair with the canopy over it. The second is the meaning here. Cf. I. Hen. IV., II. iv. 416; Cor., V. iv. 22; Tw. Night, II. v. 50.—III. iv. 5.

Still: (1) constantly, V.i. 85; vii. Toys: trifies. 16; viii. 14; (2) invariably. Trains; dece

-I. vii.8; III. i. 22.
Strangely visited: visited, i. e.
afflicted, with strange diseases.
-IV. iii. 150.

Success: outcome. In I. v. I, it is used in the modern meaning of prosperous outcome.

—I. iii. 90; I. vil. 4.
Sudden; violent. Cf. the petition
in the Litany in the Book of Common Prayer,—From battle, murder and sudden death, good Lord,
deliver us."—IV. iii. 59.
Suggestion; temptation.

—I, iii, 134.

Summer-seeming; belitting summer-mer, like an annual which dies when summer dies. —IV. iii. 86.

Surcease: "a legal term meaning the arrest or stoppage of a suit," [Clar.]; cessation. —I. vii. 4.

Surveying: perceiving. —I. ii. 31.

Taint: become infected. As M. remarks, this intransitive use of this verb is colloquially common in our present speech. —V. iii. 3,

Take: "change into gall by your malignant power." [Schmidt.]

—I, v. 50.

Teems: teems with. Cf. Hen. V., V. il. 51.

—IV. iii. 176.

Thane: a title; in Saxon times a nobleman inferior in rank to an eorl and ealdorman; later, it was equivalent to eart. Cf. V. viii. 62-3. In I. iii. 122 "thane"—thaneship. —I ii. 45

thaneship. —I. ii. 45.
Titles: things to which he has a title in law, his possessions.

To: in addition to. —III. i. 52.

Towering: a technical term in falcoury used of the rise of a bird to
its "place." See Place, above.

-II. iv. 12.

-IV. ii. 7.

Toys: trifles. - II, iii, 81 Trains; deceitful devices,

— IV. iii. II8.
Trannuel: "entangle as in a net."
[Clar.] A tranuil was a net to catch
birds — I. vii. 3.
Transpose: change, alter.

-IV. iil. 21.

Travelling: "painfully struggling on his way." As Clar, observes, in Shakspere's time travel and travall were not distinguished either in spelling or meaning. For a sumilar case, cf. Humans, above.—II. iv. 7.

Treatise: tale. Cf. Much Ado. I. i. 317. -V. v. 12.

Trenched: cut. Cf. Two Gen. of V., III. ii. 7, and INTRENCHANT, above. —III. iv. 27.

Trifled: made trifles of. As Clar. remarks, not used elsewhere in the same sense. In this connection M.'s observation is worth quoting,-" Elizabethan writers, it is said, use almost any noun or adjective as a verb at pleasure (see Abbott, \$290). And so do we in colloquial speech; but with us the language of writing or of formal speech is more fixed and conventional. The difference is mainly that the attitude of the Elizabethan towards the language in which he wrote books was pretty nearly our attitude towards the freest utterances of every-day life (even slang); whereas we, in writing, feel bound by precedent." -II. iv. 4.

Tyrant: usurper.

-III. vi. 22; IV, iii, 12,

Undecded: without having done any deed of arms: a characteristic Elizabethan adjective, appropriately made up for this place. Cf. remarks under TRIFLED and ADMIRED, above. —V. vii. 20.
Unseamed: ripped open. —I. ii 22.
Untitled: without a title, i.e., a lawful claim. —IV. iii. 104.
Use: custom. Cf. Jul. Cos., II. ii. 25.
Utterance: uttermost. —III. i. 72.

Valued: provided with values or estimates of worth. Cf. ADMIRED, above. —III, 1.95.

Vantage: favorable opportunity or position. Cf. Meas. for Meas., IV. vi. 11.

-I. ii. 31; I. iii. 113; I. yi. 7.

Vizard: mask. —III. ii. 34.

Wanton: unguided, unrestrained. Not, as now, licentious. Cf. Hen. VIII., III. il. 359.

—I. iv. 34. Warranted: having warrant, justified. Cf. All's Well, II. v. 5.

—IV. iii. 137.

Wassall: revelry. For the original meaning M. cites Layamon's Brut., II. 173-178, and remarks,—"The word is derived from Old English 'wees hel,' (— be prosperous), a term like 'prosit,' 'your health,' or any similar drinking phrase." —I. vii. 64.

Watching: waking. —V. 1. 12.

Watching: waking. —V. i. 12.
Water-rugs: water dogs with
rough coats. —III. i. 94.

Weal: commonwealth, state.

—III. iv. 76; V. ii. 27

Welrd: having to do with fite.

Cf. A. S. wyrd — desting, and
Lowland Scoten weird as a noun
meaning destiny.

—I. ii. 32.

Wholesome: healthy. Cf. Ham.,
III. iv. 65. The converse use of
thealthy" for "wholesome" is
common colloquial English today.

Wink at: refuse to see.

—I. v. 52.

With: by. V. Abbott, 23 193, 194,
—III. 1. 112; IV. 11. 32.
Withal: (1) with it, I. iii. 57; (2)
with, I. v. 32 and II. 1. 15; (3)

besides, in addition, IV. iii. 41.
Worm: a young serpent. The word
was used in Old and Middle English of reptiles generally. Ct.
An. and Cleo., V. ii. 243.

Wrack: wreck. M. compares
wrestle, wrastle; thresh, thrush, etc.

—V. v. 51.
Wrought: p. part. of work. Here
it means agitated. Cf. Oth., V. 11.
345; for a somewhat different
sense cf. Jul. Cæs., I. if. 313.

-I. iii. 149.

Yesty: frothy. Cf. Ham., V. ii. 199, and for the noun cf. Wint. Tale, III. iii. 94, —IV. i. 53.